By ROBERT BARR.

VIII.—The Robbery in the Sleeping Car.

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been stolen out of the treasury; second, the

war chest was intact; third, the 200,000,000

florins reposed securely within its bolted

doors; fourth, the coins were not, as had

been alleged, those belonging to various

countries, which was a covert intimation

or the other of those friendly nations (the

whole coinage in this so-called war chest,

which was not a war chest at all, but mere-

ly the receptacle of a reserve fund which

Austria possessed, was entirely in Austrian

coinage); fifth, in order that these sensa-

tional and disquieting scandals should be

set at rest, the government announced that

it intended to weigh this gold upon a cer-

tain date, and it invited representatives of

the press from Russia, Germany, France

The day after this troy weight function

had taken place in Vienna long telegraphic

accounts of it appeared in the English

press, and several solemn leading articles

were put forward in the editorial columns,

which, without mentioning the name of the

Daily Bugle, deplored the voracity of the

sensational editor, who respected neither the

amity which should exist between friendly

nations nor the good name of the honored

and respected dead in his wolfish hunt for

the daily scandal. Nothing was too high

spiced or improbable for him to print. He

traded on the supposed gullibility of a fickle

public. But, fortunately, in the long run,

these staid sheets asserted, such actions re-

coiled upon the head of him who promul-

gated them. Sensational journals merited

and received the scathing contempt of all

had an article entitled, "Some Aspects of

Modern Journalism," which struck the head

of the Daily Bugle with a sledge hammer,

and in one of the quarterlies a professor at

"I swear," ctied Mr. Hardwick, as he

paced up and down his room, "that I shall

be more careful after this in the handling of

you are mulcted in a libel suit, and if you

well, it makes the battle of life all the more

interesting, and we are baffled to fight bet-

The editor had sent for Miss Baxter, and

she now sat by his desk while he paced up

and down the floor. The doors were closed

and locked so that they might not be in-

terrupted, and she knew by the editor's

manner that something important was on

hand. Jennie had returned to London after

a month's stay in Vienna and had been oc-

cupied for a week at her old routine work

"Now, Miss Baxter," said the editor, when

he had proclaimed his fear of the truth as a

workable material in journalism, "I have a

plan to set before you, and when you know

what it is I am quite prepared to hear you

refuse to have anything to do with it, and,

remember, if you do undertake it, there is

but one chance in a million of your succeed-

ing. It is on that one chance that I propose

"To St. Petersburg!" echoed the girl in

"Yes," said the editor, mistaking the pur-

port of her ejaculation. "It is a very long

journey, but you can travel in great com-

fort, and I want you to spare no expense

in obtaining for yourself any luxury that

travel can afford during your journey to

"And what am I to go to St. Petersburg

"Merely for a letter. Here is what has

happened and what is happening. I shall

mention no names, but at present a high

and mighty personage in Russia who is

friendly to Great Britain has written a pri-

vate letter making some proposals to a

certain high and mighty personage in Eng-

land who is friendly to Russia. This com-

munication is entirely unoffical; neither gov-

ernment is supposed to know anything at

all about it. As a matter of fact, the Rus-

sian government has a suspicion and the

British government has a certainty that such

a document will shortly be in transit. Noth-

ing may come of it, or great things may

come of it. Now, on the night of the 21st,

on one of the sleeping cars leaving St. Pet-

ersburg by the Nord express for Berlin,

there will travel a special messenger having

this letter in his possession. I want you

to take passage by that same train and se-

cure a compartment near the messenger, it

possible. This messenger will be a man in

whom the respective parties to the negotia-

tion have implicit confidence. I wish I knew

his name, but I don't. Still, the chances

are that he is leaving London for St. Pet-

ersburg about this time, and so you might

keep your eyes open even on the journey

there, for if you discovered him to be your

fellow-passenger it might perhaps make the

business that comes after easier. You see

issue of the Daily Bugle, but in outside

cate of the letter which is to leave St. Pet-

ersburg on the 21st. Now, what I would

like you to do is to take this envelope in

your handbag, and if on the journey back

to London you have an opportunity of se-

place you will have accomplished the great-

est service you have yet done for the pa-

"Oh!" cried Jennie, rising, "I couldn't do

that, Mr. Hardwick! I couldn't think of

doing it. It is nothing short of highway

"I know it looks like that," pleaded Mr.

Hardwick, "but listen to me. If I were

going to open the letter and use its con-

tents, then you might charge me with insti-

gating theft. The fact is, the letter will

not be delayed; it will reach the hands of

the high and mighty personage in England

quite intact. The only difference is that

you will be its bearer instead of the mes-

"You expect to open the letter, then, in

"My dear girl, you are jumping at con-

"Then what is the use of going to all

"Don't say 'steal it,' Miss Baxter. I'll

manage to get the news I am in quest of;

position. I have not only not got the news.

eral raking we have had over this Austrian

business, quite aside from the fact that we

be exceedingly sneering and obnoxious to

senger they send for it."

robbery!"

St. Petersburg and back."

for?" murmured Jennie faintly.

now to send you to St. Petersburg"-

ter, as Browning says."

in the office.

leged invention from a scientific point

and England to witness this weighing.

Jennie had promised Professor Seigfried | lowing declarations: First, not a penny had ngt to communicate with the director of police, and she now wondered whether she would be breaking her word or not if she let that official know the result of her investigation when it could make no difference, one way or the other, to the professor. If Professor Seigfried could have foreseen his | that Austria had hostile intent against one own sudden death, would he not, she asked herself, have preferred to make public all she knew of him, for had he not constantly reiterated that fame, and the consequent transmission of his name to posterity, was what he worked for? Then there was this consideration-if the chief of police was not told how the explosion had been caused, his fruitless search would go futilely on, and doubtless, in the course of police inquiry, many innocent persons would be arrested, put to inconvenience and expense, and there was even a chance that one or more who had absolutely nothing to do with the affair might be imprisoned for life. She resolved, therefore, to tell the director of the police all she knew, which she would not have done had Professor Seigfried been alive. She accordingly sent a messenger for the great official, and just as she had begun to relate to the impatient princess what had happened he was announced. The three of them held convention in Jennie's drawing room with locked doors.

"I am in a position," began Jennie, "to tell you how the explosion in the treasury was caused and who caused it, but before doing so you must promise to grant me two favors, each of which is in your power to bestow without inconvenience." "What are they?" asked the director of

police cautionsly. "To tell what they are is to tell part of my story. You must first promise blindly and afterward keep your promise faith-

Cambridge showed the absurdity of the al-"Those are rather unusual terms, Miss Baxter," said the chief, "but I accede to them, the more willingly as we have found that all the gold is still in the treasury, as you said it was.'

"Very well, then, the first favor is that the truth. It is a dangerous thing to med-I shall not be called to give testimony when dle with. If you tell the truth about a man an inquest is held on the body of Prof. Carl Seigfried." tell the truth about a nation the united "You amaze me!" cried the director. "How press of the country is down upon you. Ah,

did you know he was dead? I had news of it only a moment before I left my office." "I was with him when he died," said Jennie simply, which statement drew forth an exclamation of surprise from both the princess and the director. "My next request is that you destroy utterly a machine which stands on a table near the center of the professor's room. Perhaps the instrument already disabled-I believe it is-but nevertheless I shall not rest content until you have seen that every vestige of it is made away with, because the study of what is left of it may enable some other scientist to put it in working order again. I entreat you to attend to this matter yourself. 1 will go with you, if you wish me to, and point out the instrument in case it has been

moved from its position." "The room is sealed up," said the director, "and nothing will be touched until I arrive there. What is the nature of this instrument?"

"It is of a nature so deadly and destructive that if it got into the hands of an Anarchist he could alone lay the city of Vienna

"Good heavens!" cried the horrified offi cial, whose bane was the Anarchists, and Jennie, in mentioning this particular type of criminals, had builded better than she knew. If she had told him that the pro fessor's invention might enable Austria to conquer all the surrounding nations, there is every chance that the machine would have been carefully preserved.

"The explosion in the treasury vaults," continued Jennie, "was accidentally caused by that instrument, although the machine at the moment was in a garret half a mile away. You saw the terrible effect of that explosion. Imagine, then, the destruction it would cause in the hands of one of those Anarchists."

"I shall destroy the instrument with my own hands," asserted the director fervently, mopping his pallid brow.

Jennie then went on, to the increasing as tonishment of the princess and the director. and related every detail of her interview with the late Professor Carl Seigfried.

"I shall go at once and annihilate that machine," said the director, rising when the recital had been finished. "I shall see to that myself. Then, after the inquest, shall give an order that everything in the attic is to be destroyed. I wish all the scientists on the face of the earth could be safely placed behind prison bars."

good," said Jennie, "unless you could prevent chemicals being smuggled in. The scientists would probably reduce your prison to powder and walk calmly out through the dust."

Mr. Hardwick had told Jennie that it she solved the Vienna mystery she would make a European reputation for the Daily Bugle. Jennie did more than was expected of her, yet the European reputation which the Bugle established was not one to be envied. It is true that the account printed of the cause of the explosion, dramatically finished off with the professor's tragical sudden death, caused a great sensation in London. The comic papers of the week were full of illustrations showing the uses to which the professor's instrument might be put. To say that any sane man in England believed a word of the article would be to cast an undeserved slight upon the intelligence of the British public. No one paused to think that if a newspaper had published an account of what could be done by Roentgen rays without being able to demonstrate practically the truth of the assertions made the article would have been laughed at. If some years ago a newspaper had stated that a man in York listened to the voice of a friend at that moment standing in London, and was not only able to hear what his friend said, but could actually recognize the voice speaking in an ordinary tone, and then, if the paper had added that unfortunately the instrument which accomplished this had been destroyed. people would have spoken of the sensa-

tional nature of modern journalism. Letters poured in upon the editor saying some surreptitious way-some way that will that while, as a general thing, the writers not be noticed afterward? Oh, I couldn't were willing to stand the ordinary lies of do it, Mr. Hardwick." commerce daily printed in the sheet there clusions. I shall amaze you when I tell you was a limit to their credulity, and that they that I know already practically what the objected to be taken for driveling imbeciles. To complete the discomfiture of the Daily contents of the letter are." Bugle the government of Austria published a semi-official statement which Reuter and this expense and trouble trying to steal it?" the special correspondents scattered broadcast over the earth. The statement was tell you what my motive is. There is an written in that calm, serious and consistent official in England who has gone out of tone which diplomatists use when uttering his way to throw obstacles in mine. This a falsehood of more than ordinary dimenis needless and irritating, for generally I

Irresponsible rumors had been floating but in several instances, owing to his opabout (the official proclamation begun) to the effect that there had been an explosion but other papers have. Now, since the genin the treasury at Vienna. It had been stated that a large quantity of gold had kind had occurred in the treasury vaults. Then a ridiculous story had been printed which asserted that Professor Seigfried. | me, and I confess I want to take him down sanner that savored of the black art en- much about this buisness as I do-in fact, | voice. apassed this wholesale destruction. The he thinks it is an absolute secret-yet, if I covernment then begged to make the fol. liked. I could to-morrow nullify all the ar-

rangements by simply publishing what is already in my possession, which action on my part would create a furore in this country, and no less a furore in Russia. For | tell me whether you wanted the holes at the sake of amity between nations, which | the top or the bottom.' I am accused of disregarding, I hold my

"Now, if you get possession of that envelope I want you to telegraph to me while you are en route to London, and I will meet you at the terminus. Then I shall take the document direct to this official, even before the regular messenger has time to reach him. I shall say to the official: 'There is the document from the high personage in Russia to the high personage in England. If you want the document, I will give it to you, but it must be understood that you are to be a little less friendly to certain newspapers and a little more friendly to mine in future."

"And suppose he refuses your terms?" "He won't refuse them; but if he does I shall hand him the envelope just the same.' "Well, honestly, Mr. Hardwick, I don't think your scheme worth the amount of money it will cost, and, besides, the chance of my getting hold of the document, which will doubtless be locked safely within a dispatch box and constantly under the eye of

the messenger, is most remote." "I am more than willing to risk all that if you will undertake the journey. You speak lightly of my scheme, but that is merely because you do not understand the situation. Everything you have heretofore done has been of temporary advantage to the paper, but if you carry this off I expect the benefit to the Bugle will be lasting. It will give me a standing with certain officials that I have never before succeeded in getting. In the first place, it will make them afraid of me, and that of itself is a powerful lever when we are trying to get information which they are anxious to give to some other paper."

"Very well, Mr. Hardwick; I will try, but I warn you to expect nothing but failure. In everything else I have endeavored to do I have felt confident of success from the beginning. In this instance I am as sure I honest men. Later on one of the reviews shall fail."

"As I told you, Miss Baxter, the project is so difficult that your failure, if you do fail, will merely prove it to have been impossible, because I am sure that if any one on earth could carry it out you are that person; and, furthermore, I am very much obliged to you for consenting to attempt such a mission.'

And thus it was that Jennie Baxter found herself in due time in the great capital of the north, with a room in the Hotel de l'Europe overlooking the Nevski Prospect. In ordinary circumstances she would have enjoyed a visit to St. Petersburg, but she was afraid to venture out, being under the apprehension that at any moment she might meet Lord Donal Stirling face to face and that he would recognize her. Therefore she remained discreetly in her room, watching the strange street scenes from her window. She found herself scrutinizing every one who had the appearance of being an Englishman, and she had to confess to a little qualm of disappointment when the person in question turned out not to be Lord Donal; in fact, during her short stay at St. Petersburg she saw nothing of the young man.

Jennie went, on the evening of her arrival, to the offices of the sleeping-car company, so as to secure a place in one of the carriages that left at 6 o'clock on the evening of the 21st. Her initial difficulty met her when she learned there were several sleeping cars on that train, and she was puzzled to know which to select. She stood there, hesitating, with the plans of the carriages on the table before her.

"You have ample choice," said the clerk. "Seats are not usually booked so long in advance, and only two places have been taken in the train so far.' "I should like to be in a carriage containing some English people," said the girl, not knowing what excuse to give for her

hesitation. "Then let me recommend this car, for embassey-room C, near the center, marked

with a cross. "Ah, well, I will take this compartment next to it-Room D, isn't it?" said Jennie. "Oh, I am sorry to say that also has been name it has been booked. Probably its occupant is English, also. But I can give you Room B, on the other side of the one reserved by the embassy. It is a two-berth | important letter. The police were not room, Nos. 5 and 6."

"That will do quite as well," said Jennie. The clerk looked up the order book and

then said: "It is not recorded here by whom Room D was booked. As a usual thing," he continued, lowering his voice almost to a whisper and looking furtively over his shoulder, the Russian police. So, you see, by taking the third room you will not only be under the shadow of the British embassy, but also under the protection of Russia. Do you wish two-berth compartment.

"I desire the whole room, if you please."

She paid the price and departed, wonderby the police and whether the authorities were so anxious for the safety of the special messenger that they considered it necessary to protect him to the frontier. If, in this envelope," said the editor, taking from addition to the natural precautions of the a drawer in his desk a large envelope, the messenger, there was added the watchfulflap of which was secured by a great piece ness of one or two suspicious Russian poof stamped sealing wax. "This envelope licemen, then would her mission become incontains a humble ordinary copy of to-day's deed impossible. On the other hand, the ill-paid policemen might be amenable to the appearance it might be taken for a dupliinfluence of money, and as she was well supplied with the coin of the realm their presence might be a help rather than a hindrance. All in all, she had little liking for the task she had undertaken, and the more she thought of it the less it comcuring the real letter and leaving this in its mended itself to her. Nevertheless, having | had been pretty thoroughly prepared for pledged her word to the editor, if failure came it would be through no fault of hers. Jennie went early to the station on the car as soon as she was allowed to do so. The conductor seemed somewhat flustered at her anxiety to get to her room, and he examined her ticket with great care. Then, telling her to follow him, he took her to Room B, in which were situated Berths 5 and 6, upper and lower. The berths were not made up and the room showed one seat made to accommodate two persons. The conductor went out on the platform again, passageway at the side to get a better idea

of her surroundings. Room C, next to her own, was the one taken by the British embassy. Room D. still farther on, was the one that appeared stood for a few moments by the broad plate a time she watched the conductor, who as if looking for some one in particular. round him, with a stern bearded face, lookestly with him. Then the two turned to the steps of the car and Jennie fled to her narrow little room, closing the door all but native to him.

"Only this afternoon," replied the conduc

the adjoining compartment?"

"Yes, your Excellency, but Azof did not

"At the bottom, of course," replied the Russian. "Any fool might have known that. The gas must rise, not fall; then when he feels its effect and tumbles down he will be in a denser layer of it, whereas if we put it in at the top and he fell down he would come into pure air and so might make his escape. You did not bore the hole over the top berth, I hope?" "Yes, your Excellency, but I bored one at

the bottom also." "Oh, very well! We can easily stop the one at the top. Have you fastened the window? For the first thing these English

do is to open a window." "The window is securely fastened, your Excellency, unless he breaks the glass." "Oh, he will not think of doing that until it is too late! The English are a lawabiding people. How many other passen-

gers are there in the car?" Room Room Room C. A. B. 10 Passage. Door.

PLAN OF SLEEPING CAR. "Oh, I forgot to tell you, Excellency, that Room B has been taken by an English lady who is there now."

"Ten thousand devils!" cried the Russian "Why did you not in a hoarse whisper. say that before?" The voices now fell to so low a murmu

that Jennie could not distinguish the words A moment later there was a rap at her door, and she had presence of mind enough to get in the farther corner and say in sleepy voice: "Come in!"

The conductor opened the door. "Votre billet, s'il vous plait, madame."

"Can't you speak English?" asked Jennie The conductor merely repeated his questhe big Russian looked over the conductor's shoulder and said in passable English:

"He is asking for your ticket, madam. Do you not speak French?" In answer to the direct question Jennie, fumbling in her purse for her tickets, re-

shown him my ticket." She handed her broad sheet sleeping car ticket to the Russian, who had pushed the conductor aside and now stood within the you."

"There has been a mistake," he said. 'Room C is the one that has been reserved "I am sure there isn't any mistake," said

"I booked Berths 5 and 6. See, there are the numbers"-pointing to the metallic plates by the door-"and here are the same numbers on the ticket." The Russian shook his head.

"The mistake has been made at the office of the sleeping car company. I am a director of the company." "Oh, are you?" asked Jennie innocently

"Is Room C as comfortable as this one?" "It is a duplicate of this one, madame and is more comfortable because it is nearer the center of the car."

"Well, there is no mistake about my reserving the two berths, is there?" "Oh, no, madame! The room is entirely at your disposal."

"Oh, well, then, in that case," said Jennie, "I have no objection to making a

change.' She knew that she would be compelled to change, no matter what her ticket recorded, so she thought it best to play the simple maiden abroad and make as little fuss as possible about the transfer. She had one berth has been taken by the British to rearrange the car in her mind. Sh was now in Room C, which had been firs reserved by the British embassy. It was evident that at the last moment the messen ger had decided to take Room A, a fourberth room at the end of the car. The potaken! Those are the two compartments lice then would occupy Room B, which she which are bespoken. I will see under what | had first engaged, and from the bit of conversation she had overheard Jennie was convinced that they intended to kill or ren der insensible the messenger who bore the protect, but to attack. The amazing compl cation in the plot concentrated all the girl' sympathies on the unfortunate man who was messenger between two great personages, even though he traveled apparently under the protection of the British embassy at St. Petersburg. The fact, to put it bald ly, that she had intended to rob him herwhen no name is marked down that means | self if opportunity occurred rose before her like an accusing ghost. "I shall never undertake anything like this again," sh cried to herself, "never, never!" And now she resolved to make reparation to the man one berth only or the whole room? It is a | she had intended to injure. She would watch and then warn him by relating what she had heard. She had taken off her hat when ing if the other room had really been taken | she entered the room. Now she put i on hurriedly, thrusting a long pin through it. As she stood up there was a jolt of the train that caused her to sit down again somewhat hurriedly. Passing her window she saw the lights of the station. The train was in motion. "Thank heaven!" she cried fervently. "He is too late! Those plotting villains will have all their trouble for noth-

ing." She glanted upward toward the ceiling and noticed a hole about an inch in diameter bored in the thin wooden partition between her compartment and the next Turning to the wall behind her, she saw that another hole had been bored in a similar position through to Room B. The car of the conspirators. The train was now night of the 21st and entered the sleeping | rushing through the suburbs of St. Petersanother voice say in French: "Conductor, I have Room A. Which en

of the car is that?" "This way, Excellency," said the conduc-

tor. Every one seemed to be "excellency" A moment later Jennie, who had again risen to her feet, horrified to know that after all the messenger had come, heard riage, walked up and down the narrow | silent save the purring murmur of the swiftly moving train. She stood there for a few moments tense with excitement, then bethought herself of the hole between her present compartment and the one she had recently left. She sprang up on the seat to have been retained by the police. She and placing her eye with some caution at glass window that lined the passage and the compartment was empty. Then she nolooked out at the crowded platform. For | ticed there had been placed at the end by the window a huge cylinder that reached direction from which passengers streamed, above was burning brightly, and she could see every detail of the compartment except Presently a big man, a huge overcoat belted toward the floor. As she gazed a man's back slowly rose. He appeared to have strode up to the conductor and speke earn- his hand the loop of a rubber tube. Peerundoubtedly pouring whatever gas the cylinabout an inch. An instant later the two der contained through the hole into Room A. men came in, speaking together in French. For a moment she had difficulty in repressbeen stolen and that a disaster of some published the exact truth, this stupid old The larger had a gruff voice and spoke the ing a shrick, but realizing how perfectly official duffer has taken it upon himself to language in a way that showed it was not helpless she was, even if she gave the alarm, "When did you learn that he had changed | that the man who was regulating the escape one of Austria's honored dead, had in some a peg. He hasn't any idea that I know as his room?" asked the man with the gruff of gas was not the one who had spoken of tenfold more value to him than it would to the conductor. Then, fearing that he have been had she taken it from the mesmight turn his head and see her eye at the small aperture, she reached up and covered bassy, or the messenger himself, had suspi- bis own.

"Did you bore holes between that and her lamp, leaving her own room in complete darkness. The double covering, which closed over the semiglobular lamp like an eyelid, kept every ray of light from penetrating into the compartment.

> As Jennie turned to her espionage again she heard a blow given to the door in Room A that made it clatter. Then there was a sound of a heavy fall on the floor. The door of Room B was flung open, the head of the first Russian was thrust in, and he spoke in his own language a single gruff word. His assistant then turned the cock and shut off the gas from the cylinder. The door of Room B was instantly shut again, and Jennie heard the rattle of the keys as Room A was being unlocked

off her hat, and with as little noise as she to him. could slid her door back an inch or two. The conductor had unlocked the door of Room A, the tall Russian standing beside him saying in a whisper:

"Never mind the man. He'll come to the moment you open the door and window. Get the box. Hold your nose with your fingers and keep your mouth shut. There it is-that black box in the corner."

The conductor made a dive into the room and came out with an ordinary black dispatch box. The policeman seemed well provided with the materials for his burglarious purpose. He selected a key from a jingling bunch, tried it, selected another, then a third, and the lid of the dispatch box was thrown back. He took out a letter so exactly the duplicate of the one Jennie had that she clutched her own document to see if it were in its place. The Russian put the envelope between his knees and proceeded to lock the box. His imagination had not gone to any such refinement as the placing of a dummy copy where the original had been. Quick as thought Jennie acted. She slid open the door quietly and stepped out into the passage. So intent were the two men on their work that neither saw her. The tall man gave the box back to the conductor, then took the letter from between his knees, holding it in his right hand, when Jennie, as if swayed by the car, lurched against him, and with a sleight of hand that would have made her reputation on a necromantic stage she jerked the letter from the amazed and frightened man, at the same moment allowing the bogus document to tion, and as Jennie was shaking her head drop on the floor of the car from her other The conductor had just emerged from Room A, holding his nose and looking comical enough as he stood there in that position, amazed at the sudden apparition of the lady. The Russian struck down the conductor's fingers with his right hand, and by a swift motion of the left closed the door "I speak English, and I have already of Compartment A, all of which happened in a tenth of the time taken to tell it.

> afraid a lurch of the car threw me against The Russian, before answering, cast a look at the floor and saw the large envelope lying there with its seal uppermost. He

"Oh, pardon me!" cried Jennie. "I'm

quietly placed his huge foot upon it, and then said, with an effort at politeness: "It is no matter, madam. I am afraid that I am so bulky I have taken up most of the passage."

"It is very good of you to excuse me," said Jennie. "I merely came out to ask the conductor if he would make up my berth. Would you be good enough to translate that

The Russian surlily told the conductor to attend to the wants of the lady. The conductor muttered a reply, and the reply the Russian translated. "He will be at your service in a few mo-

ments, madame. He must first make up the berth of the gentleman in Room A." "Oh, thank you very much," returned

With that she retired again into her com-

Jennie. "I am in no hurry; any time within the hour will do."

partment, the real letter concealed in the folds of her dress, the bogus one on the floor under the Russian's foot. She closed the door tightly. Then, taking care that she | up, fearing that she had been slumbering. was not observed through either of the holes the conductor had bored in the partition, she swiftly placed the important document in a | ing the rising gas, somehow made visible. deep inside pocket of her jacket. As a general rule, women have inside pockets in their | her knees, and for a moment she thought capes and outside pockets in their jackets, but Jennie, dealing as she did with many documents in the course of her profession, had had this jacket especially made, with its deep and roomy inside pocket. She sat in a coner of her sofa wondering what was to be the fate of the unfortunate messenger, for in spite of the sudden shutting in the morning. She knew then that she of the door by the Russian she caught a must have fallen asleep in spite of her glimpse of the man lying face downward on strong resolutions. The letter was still in the floor of his stifling room. She also had received a whiff of the sweet, heavy gas which had been used, that seemed now to be tincturing the whole atmosphere of the car, especially in the long, narrow passage. It is not likely they intended to kill the man, for his death would cause an awkward | resolved not to go to sleep, if force of will investigation, while his statement that he had been rendered insensible might easily be denied. As she sat there, the silence disturbed only by the low, soothing rumble of the train, she heard the ring of the metal compartment. The men were evidently removing their apparatus. A little later the train slowed, finally coming to a standstill, and, looking out of the window in to the darkness, she found they were stopping at an ill lighted country station. Covering the light in the ceiling again. the better to see outside, herself unobserved, she noted the conductor and another man placed the bulky cylinder on the platform without the slightest effort at concealment. The tall Russian stood by and gave curt orders. An instant later the train moved on again, and when well under way there was rap at her door. When she opened i the conductor said that he would make up her berth now, if it so pleased her, She stood out in the corridor while this was deftly and swiftly done. She could the work in hand, and Jennie laughed softly not restrain her curiosity regarding the satisfy it she walked slowly up and down the corridor, her hands behind her, passing room and noticing that ever and anon the conductor cast a suspicious eye in her direction. The door of Room A was partly open. but the shaded lamp in the ceiling left the interior in darkness. There was now no trace of the intoxicating gas in the corridor, and as she passed Room A she noticed that a fresh breeze was blowing through the half-open doorway; therefore, the window

to herself as she pictured the discomfiture | mysterious ocupant of Room A, and to burg, and Jennie was startled by hearing and repassing the open door of her own and Jennie, finding herself alone in the car- the door of his room click. Everything was | must be up. Once, as she passed her own door, she saw the conductor engaged in a task which would keep him from looking into the corridor for at least a minute, and in that interval she set her doubts at rest by putting her head swiftly into Room A and as swiftly withdrawing it. The man had been lifted on to his sofa and lay with the hole peered through. First she thought his face toward the wall, his head on a pillow. The dispatch box rested on a corner of the sofa, where doubtless he had left it. He was breathing heavily, like a man seemed to be gazing anxiously toward the rearly to the ceiling of the room. The lamp in a drunken sleep, but the air of the room was sweet and fresh and he would doubtless recover. Jennie still paced up and down, thinking deeply over what had happened. At first, when she had secured the ing, the girl thought, typically Russian, been kneeling on the floor, and he held in important document, she had made up her mind to return it to the messenger, but ing downward, she saw that it was con- further pondering induced her to change nected with the cylinder and that it was her mind. The messenger had been robbed by the Russian police. He would tell his superiors exactly what had happened, and yet the letter would reach its destination as speedily as if he had brought it himself -as if he had never been robbed. Knowing she repressed all exclamation. She saw the purpose which Mr. Hardwick had in his

mind, Jennie saw that the letter now was

senger. It was evident that the British em-

clons that an attempt was to be made to obtain the document; otherwise Room C of the sleeping car would not have been changed for Room A at the very last moment. As it was the editor could say to the official: "The Russian police robbed your messenger in spite of all the precautions that could be taken, and my emissary cozened the Russians. So, you see, I have accomplished what the whole power of the British government was powerless to effect, therefore it will be wisdom on your part to come to

Jernie made up her mind to relate to Hardwick exactly how she came into possession of the document, and she knew his alert nature well enough to be sure he Jennie jumped down from her perch, threw | would make most of the trump card dealt

"Your room is ready for you," said the conductor in French. She had presence of mind enough not to comprehend his phrase until, with a motion of his hand, he explained his meaning. She entered her compartment and closed the

Having decided what disposal to make of

the important document, there now arose

in her mind the disquieting problem whether or not it would be allowed to remain with her. She cogitated over the situation, and tried to work out the mental arithmetic of it. Trains were infrequent on the Russian railways, and she had no means of estimating when the burly ruffian who had planned and executed the robbery would get back to St. Petersburg. There was no doubt that he had not the right to open the letter and read its contents; that privilege rested with some higher official in St. Petersburg. The two men had got off at the first stopping place. It was quite possible that they would not reach the capital until next morning, when the Berlin express would be well on its way to the frontier. Once over the frontier she would be safe, but the moment it was found that the envelope merely contained a copy of an English newspaper, what might not happen? Would the Russian authorities dare telegraph to the frontier to have her searched, or would the big official who had planned the robbery suspect that she, by legerdemain, had become possessed of the letter so much sought for? Even if he did suspect her, he would certainly have craft enough not to admit it. His game would rather be to maintain that this Englishman's dispatch box, and it was more than likely, taking into consideration the change of room at the last moment, which would show the officials the existence of suspicion in the messenger's mind, or in the minds of those who sent him, that the natural surmise would be that another messenger had gone with the real document. and that the robbed man was merely blind to delude the Russian police. In any case, Jennie concluded, there was absolutely nothing to do but remain awake all night and guard the treasure which good luck had bestowed upon her. She stood up on her bed, about to stuff her handkerchief into the hole bored into the partition, but suddenly paused and came down to the floor again. No; discomforting as it was to remain in a room under possible espionage, she dared not stop the opening, as that would show she had cognizance of them and arouse the conductor's suspicion that, after all, she had understood what had been said, whereas, if she left them as they were, the fact of her doing so would be strong confirmation of her ignorance. She took from her bag a scarf, tied one end around her wrist and the other to the door, so that it could not be opened, should she fall asleep, without awakening her. Before in-

darkness. Then, if any one did spy upon her, they would not see the dark scarf which united her wrist with the door. In spite of the danger of her situation she had the utmost difficulty in keeping awake. The rumble of the train had a very somnolent effect, and once or twice she started Once she experienced a tightening sensation in her throat, and sprang to the floor, seethe color of blood. The scarf drew her to some one clutched her wrist. Panting, she undid the scarf and flooded the room with light. Her heart was beating wildly, but all was still, save the ever present rumble of the train rushing through the darkness over the boundless plains of Russia. She looked at her tiny watch; it was 2 o'clock the inside pocket of her jacket, and all was well at 2 in the morning. No eye appeared at either of the apertures, so she covered up the light once more and lay down again. sighing to think how rumpled her costume would look in the morning. Now she was could keep her awake. A moment later she was startled by some one beating down the partition with an ax. She sprang up, and again the scarf pulled her back. She untled it from her wrist and noticed that daylight flooded the compartment. This amazed her. How could it be daylight so soon, in northern Russia? After a breathless pause there was a rap at her door, and the voice of the conductor said:

trenching herself thus she drew the eyelids

down over the lamp and left her room in

"Breakfast at Luga, madame, in threequarters of an hour." "Very good," she replied in English, her voice trembling with fear. Slowly she untied the scarf from the door and placed it in her hand bag. She shivered notwithstanding her effort at self-control, for she knew she had slept through the night and far into the morning. In agitation she unbuttoned her jacket. Yes, there was the letter, just where she had placed it. She dare not take it out and examine it. fearing still that she might be watched from some unseen quarter, but "Thank God," she said to herself, fervently, "this horrible night is ended. Once over the frontier I am safe." She smoothed and brushed down her dress as well as she was able, and was greatly refreshed by her wash in cold water. which is one of the luxuries not the least acceptable on a sleeping car.

REJECTS HEREDITY. French Philanthropist Who Says Environment Tells.

Paris Letter in Harper's Bazar. M. Bonjean does not believe in heredity He thinks that a child's instincts are cre ated by his environment, not by his inheritance. Any child can be absolutely changed from bad to good by the right kind of moral influence, by affection, and by confidence. Out of the hundreds and thousands of boys he had reformed he gave certain examples that touched us extremely. At one of his institutions he had a number of very young boys who had been in prison for in-He called them to him an represented that they had forfeited their right to the consideration of the world by endangering the lives and fortunes of other people. The only way in which they coul get it back was by doing something in their turn, in case of fire, to help and save others. So he made them into a company of firemen, to which he presented a fire engine. One night there was a fire, and M. Bonjean went out to see how his band were acouitting themselves. Part were at the engine, and part were making a chain to pass pails of water from the river to the burn-ing house, of which the end, plunged up to his waist in water, was a little chap of eight who had had three incendiaries to It was a cold November night and M. Bonjean noticed that the boy was shivering. "You must not stay any longer," he said; "you are risking your life." "What does it matter that I am risking my life if I am only making reparation?" was the an-

Another boy had been convicted of stealing. One of M. Bonjean's first acts was to send him to pay a bill. "I trust you perfectly." he said, and he counted out six hundred francs in gold. The little fellow' face flushed, but he took the money and went off. When he came back he was wayd bill. "I paid it," he said. swer, and the philanthropist has lived to

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

The Negro Author's Success in Concert Hall Songs-Ill in New York. Washington Letter in Boston Transcript. Paul Laurence Dunbar, the negro poet and writer, and author of the best and the most popular "coon songs" ever written, is

New York. The stupendous sale of his songs writter royalty of his last two books, enabled him to resign his position at the Library Congress and to go to New York, where, a the Broadway Theater, is being rehears a new play of his production. It is though that his close attendance at rehearsal connected with his confining position at the library, have united in the greater impair ment of an already weak constitution. Every spare moment of his time away from library duties was spent in writing. Dunbar was a favorite with everyone who came in connection with him at the Library of Congress, and his literary ability as well

as his congenial personality enlisted the in-terest of John Russell Young, the deceased librarian, and through him, as well as through the active interest of William Dean Howells and other noted literary men day, the library position was gained. Howells, wrote a preface to his "Fireside Lyrics," and is always interested in him. once to have known this writer once to have listened to his stories read in his own inimitable way, is to have had never-to-be-forgotten treat. Dunbar is said to have been born in Day-

ton, O., and educated at Oberlin, in the same State. His researches in literature have been great. He lived for a number of years in Richmond, Ind., and after genius set her mark upon him and he made not only the first place in the literature of his race, but created a new place for self in the hearts of the whole Nation, he returned to this beautiful town and ceived such an ovation as was never tendered by the people. Whites and blacks united in paying tribute to his genius. Dunbar's first literary work was not suo cessful financially. Like most of his cult ne has no care for the almighty dollar, an from Dixie" copyrighted in Canada and his fame and volume spreading with equal pop-His songs written in with Will Marion for E. E. Rice's " Nights," have reached a greater sale than was ever before accorded a song. As for their popularity, "Who Dat Say Chicken in Dis Crowd," drips from the lips of every youngster, black and white, from the British possessions to the gulf coast, like watermelon juice down a Georgia darky's throat in the lines, "Blame de lan', let white folks rule it," runs Dunbar's strongest conviction. He cares to amuse and elevate by and through his stories and verse, v imself is a true type of the race dark blood untainted by Caucasian mixture -when exalted above a mere desire for show and a love of domineering. He has left all plans for the uplifting of his race white and black ouched their hearts and tickled their risi-

Another song, equally popular, written for the "Origin of the Cakewalk," produced a the end of Rice's "Summer Nights," and which is also one of their most popular fea-tures, is "Dark Town is Out To-night." Like tures, is "Dark Town is Out To the other, it is full of negro melody and rhythm, and words and music flow from the drawing rooms of the highborn just as the do from the ragged pickaninnies of a paupe ridden alley; or from a pleasure yacht as they do from a canal boat, where they mingle with the "gee-haw" to the mule, as the boat drifts along its narrow channel.

Many of the mistakes in financiering that blocked Dunbar's early career have Dunbar's early career have been, and it is to be rejoiced in that fruits of his efforts will enable spend his remaining days comfortably, while, if health is restored, he will be able

cilities as no one else has ever do

to work unhampered by the cravings of daily necessity. The sale of his songs is while that of his books shows them to be popular marks in the reading world Some of the pleasantest memories that Washington has of Paul Laurence Dun

are of the days when he read at "The Pavilion for the Blind," that feature of the congressional library that was nearer the heart of John Russell Young than any other, and which was instituted by him. Here in the corner of the great library, overlooking the Capitol grounds, is the room set apart for the library of the blind, where pillar and arch meet in soft colorings and where low bookcases range the walls and flowers fill the recessed windows. Here every afternoon for an hour comes lover of literature to read to the did he. His sightless audience listening and chuckling over his quaint "Folks from Dixie," are moved to ecstatic delight with his poems of nature that touched the poetic sense as naturally as does dew the flower. Here no color line was drawn. It was an honest recognition of genius. Dunbar was neither white nor black, but a poet among

an intelligent people. All held out a hand In color Dunbar is very dark, in dress modest and in manner unostentatious. Retiring, but with a light and happy beaming from his intelligent face. voice has lost none of the thick, rich cadence that is alone the birthright of the blacks, and in animated conversation he is likely to ring in the little characteristic grunts and minor exclamations that fill in conversation of his less educate

His wife is almost an octoroon in color with great soft eyes and artistic, clear-cut features. She is a writer of songs and verse and a representative woman of her It was a sad disappointment to Dunbar's

friends when he left the place around the fireside of his own race, which he had lowed in literature, and sought in his first long story, "The Uncalled," mysteries of another race. to fathom the the stories he told, he felt them in his heart, in his daily life. They were life itself, while in "The Uncalled" he wrote only what keen observation and outwar intellect taught him. He saw correctly, and interpreted with unerring genius, but the subtle something that daily intercourseneart to heart-is alone able to give is not

In his "Lyrics of Lowly Life," and his "Fireside Lyrics," as in "Folks from "Fireside Lyrics," as in "Folks from Dixie," he portrayed the life that he had lived, and this gave inspiration to his pen. He painted with characteristic speech the scenes of flickering firelight, cob pipes campmeetings, and country Strange how the showing up-it never rises to ridicule—of the strong characteristics the droll side of negro nature never win their enmity. It is simply as a happy greeting of a well-known character in their own family circle, or a neighborhood celebrity, No white dialect writer has ever so inspired Northern and Southern hearts with an understanding and a leniency own race as has Paul Laurence Dunbar, He will long live in the hearts of a song singing, poetry loving people, and the prayer on many lips is that he may yet reach the number of years that befits the great place in literature and the hearts of the people that he is destined to fill.

WE DO NOT SIT CORRECTLY.

Americans as a Nation Are Careless in Matters of This Kind. Kansas City Star. Schools for physical culture are now

claiming that we as a nation do not know how to sit correctly. Americans, they say, pay less attention to the hygiene of attlpay less attention to the hygiene of atti-tude in sitting than do other nations, and the consequence is that we are degenerating into a nation of dyspeptics. In France and in Germany school children get a regular course of instruction as to the correct attitude to be adopted in sitting, and in those prevalent than in countries where no precautions are taken to teach children to sit relaxing themselves. A relaxed stomach to be crowded out of After a time the misplacement When the stomach is pro the food cannot readily find its way out it, and, being retained there longer than be, undergoes fermentation, he system is not only robbed of the nutrient elements necessary for the nourishment of the blood and repair tissues, but, through the convers food into potomaines and other pe On these grounds physicians who teach ice water that we drink nor the soda water. nor the amount of smoking that men foll indulge in that causes us to be a nation dyspeptics, but the bad postures that we adopt when sitting. A correct attitu sitting requires proper height and width of seat, a desk or table of the proper height when desk work is required, and a pr tionate amount of care upon the part of the pupil to sit upon his seat in a proper posi-tion. The height of the chair you sit in while writing and that of the desk you write at seat of the chair should be exactly on ter of your hight from the floor. you are five feet high, the chair should b fifteen inches. The width of the seat a exactly equal its height, and it should backward three-quarters of an inch to the seat and sloped slightly, but not too much. Finally, your desk should be two-thirds as high again as the seat of your the desk should be thirty inches in he

be such that while the hips and sl

touch the back of the seat, the other

ions of the back remain clear. The ce

of the back cannot touch the back of the

seat without relaxation of the muscles and resulting flatness of the chest, and perhap of the stomach, provided, of course, the sea